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and the Rebellion, with a recommendation
to Congress to impeach Andrew Johnson. 8°.
Phila., '64.

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AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

BY

J. WAGNER JERMON, Esq.,

ON THE 31st DAY OF MAY, A. D. 1864.

SUBJECT: PATRIOTISM AND THE REBELLION;

ALSO, A REVIEW OF ANDREW JOHNSON'S POLITICAL
CAREER, WITH A RECOMMENDATION TO
CONGRESS TO IMPEACH HIM.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.
1866.

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At the request of some of my fellow-citizens, I have given my consent to publish the above address, delivered by me at the American Academy of Music, on the evening of the 31st of May, 1864; also, a review of Andrew Johnson's political course from his inauguration as Vice-President, to the present time, containing charges upon which Congress is asked to impeach him.

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A D D R E S S .

Loyalty to our country is the very essence of patriotism. True patriotism involves some of the grandest moral principles, and the purest social aims.

The love of our country in the lowest state is a noble emotion, a concentration of the most refined affections; the love of home, the love of kindred, the love of the past, and the love of posterity.

But patriotism is great only as an enlightened principle; and it becomes an enlightened principle only, by the advancement of local and moral cultivation. By such cultivation alone the real greatness and happiness of a country are discerned; for on what do the real greatness and happiness of a nation centre? Not in physical prosperity, not in the arts, either which embellish luxury; these are not, however, unworthy of our regard; but a nation may have them all, and yet be unsound or dying.

The true greatness and happiness of a country consist in wisdom, education, religion, virtue and *freedom*.

Great patriots, therefore, must be men of great excellence, and it is this alone that can secure to them a lasting admiration. It is by this alone that they become *noble* to our memories, and that we feel proud in the privilege of doing reverence to their nobleness.

They are incomparably of a higher value than the richest *argosies* on the sea, or than mines of the finest *gems* within the *land*.

Time, which deteriorates other possessions, adds preciousness to them; *time*, which defaces or obscures the fairest things; *dissolves* the *mist* which, for a little, overshadows glorious names; gradually the shadows pass away; and they come out with *undimmed* effulgence to the clearest eye of distant generations.

When cities decay, when commerce changes its markets and its highways, when building's, once of proudest structure, are antiquated or in ruins; when laws and institutions, customs and traditions, have undergone all possible vicissitudes of reversal, the great and the good names of a nation are still within it a priceless inheritance—in a word, they are the living wealth.

There are periods in the experience of the freest nations, when the bravest will grow timid, and the most sanguine despond, but let the danger come, and not only a million, but tens of millions shall be seen hurrying upon the ramparts; if the danger cries for more, more and yet more appear, to prove that the spirit of the fathers had not died, but only slept.

A brave sentiment is that which so enthrones a disinterested conviction within his soul, that a man can act and suffer for the good of those whom he will never see. A brave sentiment is that which causes an abstract principle to be dearer to the heart, than the most enchanting fascinations with which the senses can tempt it. A brave sentiment is that which can enable a man to go to the dungeon as to a chamber of feasting, and walk to the scaffold, as if it were a stage, on which to receive acclamations to his triumph and his renown.

Brave is that sentiment which makes light of life, compared with oppression or dependence; yes, and not of life merely, but whatever clings most fondly about it, even home itself, ennobled with a wife's affections, and made bright with the smiles of childhood. Brave is that sentiment which renders a gory bed to the hero on the field, where glory has been won, welcome as the bed of his bridal, and the blast of the trumpet which proclaims the victory, as pleasant to his soul, as the gladness of a nuptial song.

Patriotism not only requires us to obey the laws of our country, but to study the good of our country. A true patriot dares do all that may become a man. He who dares do more is none.

Anglo-Saxons stand conspicuous among the nations for their strength of patriotism. The Anglo-Saxon is a manly race, yet it is too much given to boasting. It has borne hardly and harshly on every people who fell under its dominion; and

where it has not extinguished, it has enslaved them; it has given currency to the maxim, "our country, right or wrong."

True patriotism is that which binds a citizen to his country, in the obligations which he owes to his country. In the present crisis he is now called on to pay these with his property and his blood. He is called on to pay it by any aid which he can give towards sustaining our country in the present struggle. The patriot citizen pays his obligations to his country, by regarding as among the most sacred of human pledges, any trust which his country commits to his keeping. Faithful to his trust, his is a noble spirit, whether it be large or small.

To one it may be given to sustain the executive majesty of a nation; to another, "the applause of a listening senate to command;" to another, to sit on the solemn tribunal of the magistrate, to hold the balance, and to wield the sword of justice.

The patriotism which is worthy of your country, is a high and enlightened patriotism. Everything here tends to dilate the heart, to send it upwards in gratitude to a fatherly God; to send it outward in kindness to the brotherhood of man. The sky itself takes dimensions of granduer, fitted to the glorious scope of empire which it overhangs. It is high, deep, broad, lofty, and should upraise the *freeman's* soul, whose step is on the freeman's earth. Nowhere is the *calm* more divinely fair; nowhere is the *storm* more awfully sublime; nowhere does the sun shine forth with a more peerless majesty; nowhere do the stars beam down with a more holy lustre. The atmosphere here engenders no deadly plagues, health lives in the breezes of heaven, and plenty comes teeming from the soil. Broad dominions, to be measured in leagues, only by a scale of hundreds, snatch immagination from every belittling influence, and carry it *out* from narrow thoughts to an ennobling *excursiveness*; then there are oceans and lakes, in which whole kingdoms might be buried, and leave on the surface no ripple of their graves; rivers that sweep over half a world; cataracts, eternal and resistless, that hymn forever the omnipotence which they resemble. Mountains, that stretch into the upper light, and *mock*, from their snow crowned-pinnacles, the clouds and the thunders that *crash* below them. All these are your country's

and your country is God's, and through these grand objects He speaks. He speaks in the chorus of your woods; in the tempests of your beautiful valleys; in the ceaseless sobbings of your lakes and oceans; in the mighty *bass* of waterfalls, in the silver melody of streams; and the voice he sends out from them is a voice for patriotism to sustain to the bitter end the glorious flag of your fathers.

Our love of country is the same that has existed in all ages. It is of no political age, and of no specific culture; there are no traditions without its inspirations; there are no traditions in which it is not the most stirring story; there is no song, however early or however rude, of which it is not the boldest poetry, in which it is not the most soul-ekindled and the most soul-ekindling music. It lives in all civilizations, it lives before any; it begins before comparison, and it survives all calculations. A man does not love the country of his birth because it is more beautiful than another; because it is more prosperous; because it is more *fertile*; because it gives him more knowledge and more power; because it gives him more to enjoy and less to suffer. Men will hold with the utmost tenacity of affection to countries the most unsightly, the most unpicturesque, and the most unlovely; they will cling to regions barren and inclement, yes, and love them just as fondly as if they were vales in *Araby*, the blest, or the fairest spots in the fairest districts of Italy. Who has not heard of the savages returning to their lairs in the snow, and our own American Indians rushing again from all the luxuries of civilization, to their wigwams in the wilderness? Have not civilized men, too, from the midst of knowledge, liberty and peace, turned back the gaze of their hearts over years and distance, resting with unspeakable delight upon regions which gave them nothing but a hungry childhood, and a neglected youth? And such is the charm of imagination, that these regions, seen through the dimness of time, are invested with a mystic beauty, which nothing but the most hallowed instincts could shed around them. That tendency in our nature to idealize the country of our affections, which clothes an uncouth edifice with glory; which causes the sight of a treeless mountain to stir the heart like the sound of a trumpet; which moves us to weeping by

the hearing of a rustic tune; that tendency, I say, has this vitality, has this truth, has this worth; and although the truth is beyond the reach of logic; although the worth is no subject for arithmetical calculation, the tendency explains itself by all that gives eloquence, and justifies itself by all that gives heroism to action.

The inhabitants of mountainous regions have been especially remarked for the force of their attachment to their native districts. How is this to be explained? Is it by the nature of the outward scenery, or by the influences of the social condition? If we allude only to the outward scenery, is it that the bold distinctness, the picturesque relief of the landscape entwine themselves more with the feelings, and lay a more tenacious hold upon the memory than spaces of orderly uniformity, or of quiet beauty? Is it that the pointed crag, the dizzy precipice, the *chasms* that seem yawning to the centre, the summits that stretch above the mid-air clouds, the valleys that sink into nether darkness—is it that such pungent, such strongly expressed forms of eternal phenomena strike more deeply into life, and grapple on its thoughts with *indestructible* recollections? Is it that the gurgling murmur of the torrent, the mighty harmony of the cataract, the *symphonies* of winds among the glens, the stupendous thunderings of storms amidst the mountains; the choruses of tempestuous echoes, rolling through the coves, softening by distance into plaintive sweetness, and coming as the still small voice of spirits far away; voices that ever create sweet music in the heart, and which only cease when the chords of being are unstrung?

A dissolution of this Union would sweep us away as a nation; it would sweep away the well proportioned columns of our constitutional liberty; it would sweep away our national sovereignty. The dismemberment of this Union would cause the bitter tears of the American patriots to flow over our beloved land, and cover the glorious edifice of our national liberty.

We are engaged in a conflict which has no parallel in human history: our whole country resounds with the tramp of armed legions now on the way to engage in a war the most foul and bloody the world has ever seen; we are pouring out our blood like water, and our country is bleeding at every pore. Grief

is a frequent visitor at every fireside, and occupies its unwelcome chair at every family altar. For nearly three years this wicked rebellion has been going on to break up one of the wisest forms of government that the wisdom of men ever planned; for beauty and symmetry, it never has been equaled, and never can be surpassed. Until this struggle commenced, our country teemed with prosperity, and our nation flourished in education, wealth and the arts and sciences, far surpassing any other nation in the world; happiness and prosperity existed in every household, and the old time-honored flag of our revolutionary fathers floated on every sea and in every land, and has been respected by the nations of the earth. These times have changed; the glorious old union is now draped in the sad habiliments of mourning. The fair fields of the sunny South are whitened with the bones of your noble husbands, sons and brothers. Even in our northern states, innumerable cities of the sleeping heroes may be traced on every plain, in every valley, and by the side of every mountain. These heroes so loved their country, that they gave their last drop of blood, and finally yielded up their lives to preserve to future posterity that which their fathers gave *them*, this *noble Union*.

In every town, city and hamlet throughout this vast continent, methinks I can hear the wailings and moanings of the countless bereaved widows and orphans, going up to Heaven after that loved husband, brother and son. Oh! ladies and gentlemen, shall their cries for vengeance be unheard and unheeded? The sleeping spirits of the heroic dead echo—No; the noble patriots who are now occupying *their* place on the battle-field answer—No. The pages of history furnish no instance where the people of any country have given such noble aid and lavished their money so freely in sustaining their government, as ours has done in the present *struggle*. Every community in the North is organized to alleviate the suffering families of the fallen soldier; every church may be called a hospital and a work-shop. There you may find from day to day, the old, the middle-aged and the young women engaged in preparing comforts for the sick and wounded soldiers and their families. In every community throughout the North, may be found the “Ladies’ Aid Society,” the noble “Christian Commission” and the *grand*

and great "Sanitary Commission," all using efforts for the same purpose—such efforts as are calculated to move a world to shed tears of joy. Last, although not least, let me mention the noble and gigantic workings of the "Cooper Shop" and "Union Refreshment Saloons" of our own city, where the soldier on his way to the bloody battle-field, is fed and refreshed—many, I fear, for the last time. Such noble acts of love must constrain even angels in Heaven to drop a tear, and smile with approbation. From the commencement of this rebellion, the sacred record of patriotism furnishes no instance of more self-sacrificing love, than these noble acts of our fair women. They have not only given aid at home, but even on the blood-stained battle-field, amid the booming of cannon, the clashing of steel and the sound of the drum, they are found comforting the sick and wounded soldier in his last *dying* moments, when far from the home of his dear ones. With such patriots as these, the old ship of the Union must soon be safely *anchored*; the old flag, which served as a winding sheet to our Revolutionary fathers; baptized in the blood of our heroes of 1812; immersed in the blood of our brothers in the present struggle, and christened by the God of battles—must and shall be *preserved*, even to the last man and the last dollar. The traitors may as well try to pluck the golden sun from his orbit, or snatch the stars from their heavenly sphere and throw them at your feet, as to dissolve our glorious American Union.

The traitors of the South have plunged our beloved country into a fratricidal war, the most barbarous of any age; cities, towns, and villages that were once filled with happy people, are now in ruins and ashes—homes that were once happy and joyful, have been broken up by the ruthless hand of the traitor—the mother's heart that was once gladdened by the gathering of her boys around the family altar, is now lacerated and bleeding at every pulsation. Our whole country, which of late dressed in the garment of prosperity and peace, is draped in the mourning of death and desolation—the beautiful plains and valleys of the once prosperous South, are now lying in ruins and waste—our silver lakes and rivers are dotted over with the flag of *death*, flying from every steamer—the ensign of death floats from the windows of every house, and darkens

the *horizon* above us—the whole nation weeps and bows in grief. She weeps for her innumerable company of *martyrs* who are now sleeping in their blood-stained graves—she weeps for *Ellsworth*, for *Baker*, for *Lyon*, for *Winthrop*, for *McCook*, for *Sedgwick*, for *Kearney*, for *Wadsworth*, and a host of other noble and *heroic* patriots—she weeps by the tombs of your sires and brothers—she weeps for the host which the traitors have slain—she weeps for the tears of your sisters and mothers—she weeps for the sigh of the penniless widow, and the sob of the orphan in despair—she weeps for her fields that are reddened with the *blood* of her sons—she weeps for her old flag, that the traitors have trailed in the dust—she weeps for the land that has been flooded by the blood and tears of the dying soldiers, who gave up their spirits in defence of their country's flag—she weeps for the poor God-forsaken and devil-guided traitors, who seek to stab the union, and sever that golden chain which binds the old states together—the states which were cemented by the blood of our fathers.

Let me give you one scene of ten thousand that are daily witnessed in the land. An old man and his wife, residents of one of our Western States, who had two sons, Horace and Coradin, in the 7th Michigan Regiment, went to the City of N. Y., a day or two ago, in search of Horace, who they learned had been wounded, and had been brought to that city. Failing to find him in the hospital, they wended their way to the wharf; in a few moments the Steamer *Jefferson* steamed to the dock, and standing near the bow, was the looked-for son, badly wounded. As soon as the plank was thrown out to the wharf, the mother sprang on board, and throwing her arms around her son's neck, burst into a flood of tears, with her head upon his shoulders. For a few moments all was silent, which silence was broken by the mother, saying: "Horace, where is your brother Coradin?" Horace, pointing to a rough wooden box by his side, replied: "There, mother, there is Coradin." The afflicted mother, whose head was covered all over with the blossoms of nearly three-score years and ten, threw herself upon her deceased son's coffin, sobbing aloud in an agony of grief, while the father and wounded son stood by with bowed heads.

In conclusion, ladies' and gentlemen, let me conjure you by all that is dear, by all that love you have for your country, by all the love you have for the slain, by all the love you have for the living, by all the love you have for your children and your children's children, by all the love you have for the Union and her blood-bought flag, by the love you have for that band of patriots, who form one of the grandest armies that ever existed; that army which is now in battle array, to confront and beat back those who seek to break up this Republic, to stand by the Union, and while there is a single thread of that old flag, cling to it, until its folds shall again be unfurled, and float majestically over the *whole Union*.

Stand by that flag as the last and best legacy that your fathers bequeathed to you and yours. The old ship of state is now being rocked to and fro, and the wind howls through her shrouds, the great white caped *waves* are now running high, but she is riding out the storm in all the beauty and grandeur of her national strength. With our noble armies, and General Grant to lead the old Potomac *Veterans*, with Meade, Banks, Warren, Hancock, Burnside and Butler—the watch-word shall be “On—on to Richmond.” The time is not far distant when the king of traitors and his tribe of worse than hell-hounds shall be strung up in mid-air, higher than ever ever Haman swung.

We are fighting to maintain the glorious Union and Liberty that our fathers gave us: that liberty which has cost much endurance; it has been bought with a great price. Trace it along the line of centuries; mark the prisons where captives for it pined; mark the graves to which victims for it went down despairing; mark the fields whereon its heroes battled; mark the seas whereon they fought; mark the exile to which they fled; mark the burned spots where those who would not resist evil, gave up the ghost, in torture, to vindicate the integrity of their souls; add to these the open sufferings; imagine, if you can, the whole: then you have the price, only in part, of liberty: for liberty has cost more than all these. Consult, if you can, the purchasers, who paid the price; arouse from the prisons those who perished in them; awaken from the graves the sleeping dead; call from the fields of blood the myriads who chose death rather than bonds: invoke from the

caverns of the deep, those whom the ocean swallowed up in
braving the invader; pray for those to come once more to
earth, who bore testimony to the truth in agony. You will
have a host of witnesses which no man can number; who main-
tained even unto death the cause of liberty.

REVIEW OF ANDREW JOHNSON'S POLITICAL COURSE
SINCE HIS INAUGURATION

AS

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

Containing Certain Charges upon which Congress is asked to Impeach him.

First.—I beg leave to say, that the Republican Party made a great mistake in nominating Andrew Johnson as Vice President of the United States. This was brought about through Andrew Johnson's many false and deceptive public speeches, in which he professed loyalty to the country and a perfect hatred against traitors and the crime of treason. In my opinion, no greater plague or curse could ever have been put upon the nation, than that which was placed on the country on the day he was nominated. On the day he took his inaugural oath, he was in a beastly state of intoxication; to use a more vulgar phrase, was absolutely drunk—so drunk that he commenced to deliver his inaugural address before he had taken the oath of office. At that sad and mournful exhibition, the lamented Lincoln and the grave and wise men of the Senate hung their heads in shame and disgrace. Ancient history tells us that kings and princes have imbibed the intoxicating cup upon the throne, but furnishes no record that they were under the influence of liquor when they ascended the throne. It may be that Andrew Johnson mistakes the intensity of his own convictions for strength of evidence. While he was Vice President, he indorsed the principles of Abraham Lincoln, and to use his own language “he hoped the State of Tennessee would grow hemp enough and strong enough to hang Jefferson Davis and all the leading traitors of the Rebel Army.” Is he guilty of treason? The course he took in the great massacre at New Orleans was monstrous, and proves him to be not only a traitor

in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but guilty of one of the most atrocious massacres known to the civilized world. His perversion of General Sheridan's orders and dispatches need not be characterized by me. His conduct was of such a criminal character, that it proves beyond all controversy, that he was a *particeps criminis* to that foul and disgraceful slaughter, which will ever be a burning brand on him as long as history shall record his name.

My brethren of this, our beloved republic, and you who have braved the storm of rebellion and bared your bosoms to the bullets of the enemy; you who have left your families and peaceful firesides from the far West, the Middle and Southern States, and met the enemy on the field of battle and fought nobly for the maintenance of our glorious Constitution, will pause long in the coming autumn election, before you cast a vote for the followers of the Chief Executive traitor. My brethren, if rebel sympathizers are to be placed in office, it will not be long before you will be again called upon to march to meet the traitors face to face on the field of battle. You, who have sprinkled your blood on the battle-ground; you, who have been maimed in battling for your country and your country's God, are now called on to march to the ballot box in October next; you, whose souls are the strength that put to flight the rebels during the five past years of bloody struggle for liberty, will and must come forward to make a solemn decree that will settle, I hope, for all time to come, that the man who stepped into power through J. Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Abraham Lincoln, shall not be dictator over honest and loyal citizens. There are men in this great nation in whose souls yet burns the fire of holy liberty, who will come forward in one solid phalanx to the polls and cast the die, that Johnson Copperheads and rebel sympathizers shall not rule the country. Andrew Johnson first betrayed the South, then turned his back upon Northern Democrats; after accepting the principles of the Republican party, suddenly changed his course and tactics, in order to place himself at the head of the Jefferson Davis and William H. Seward party—William H. Seward, more hideous in form, more infamous in principles, and whose bosom contains a blacker heart than that of the arch-traitor Davis. The question now

to be determined is whether, those noble veterans, the poor weeping widows and sorrow-stricken orphans, who fill our land, shall be deprived of succor and support from the government for which they have suffered affliction; whether the Constitution and Laws shall be disregarded and trampled under the feet of rebels; whether the innumerable cities of the sleeping dead shall be disturbed in their peaceful slumbers and dishonored by a sky darkened by traitors, and their sacred mounds insulted by the tramp of rebels. What a contrast is presented between the lamented Lincoln and Andrew Johnson—when, at the first shot fired upon Sumpter, treason reared its head and insulted our time-honored flag, President Lincoln broke away from all party organization and joined hand and heart with loyal men, never faltered until the storm of patriotism crushed the rebellion; he proved himself true to the cause he had undertaken, and for which he had so long battled; true to the memories of almost countless dead—true to the noble sentiments he so often repeated to his countrymen—true to the noble emotions of his heart, which always throbbed in common sympathy to the wailings of the widow and the orphan. Abraham Lincoln, while struggling to bring back the prodigal States, and after having first thrown out the safeguards against future treason, was suddenly cut down by the bloody hand of a traitor. The sacred history of the Rebellion will record the sad lamentations of millions who will mourn his death. His noble and patriotic deeds will be written on every page, and will shine as bright in the recollections of his countrymen as the golden rays of the glorious sun, and his fame will live as long as the world stands. The pen of the future historian will write his ennobling deeds, to be read by future generations with pleasure and delight. But what will be the fate of Andrew Johnson? The faithful chronicler of past events will record his deeds of infamy and disgrace with the long list of traitors whose names will be associated with J. Wilkes Booth, Jefferson Davis, Johnson's pampered pet, and Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans. The name of Andrew Johnson will be associated with those who starved our brethren even to death in the slaughter-pens of the South—his name will blacken every page of the history of the Rebellion which furnishes the true living and burning truths, telling who

our land was desecrated and laid waste; of the long roll of heroic dead whose bones are whitening the once fair fields of the South; the rivers of blood that flowed in support of the Constitution of our noble country; the long and melancholy list of widows and orphans; the countless maimed veterans who are now seen at the corners of the streets in every city and town of the Union. These pages will contain the weepings and the woes of millions of those who once clustered around the happy family altars of our land, and also the name of many an asylum filled with soldiers' orphans. All these facts will rise up against Andrew Johnson and his co-rebel admirers in the present political struggle, but will cling to his memory long after he shall cease to live.

Andrew Johnson has declared that he would arrest Congress, if impeachment were threatened. He may possibly have an opportunity to make the attempt, but I fear not the consequences. There is a vast multitude watching Johnson, and those that are now encircled around him. This multitude is composed of those who fought and bled to put down the Rebellion. Andrew Johnson has hurled loyal men from office to make room for traitors; if, then, he is guilty of treason, why not impeach him for treason at the meeting of the next Congress; if he is guilty of plotting treason with rebels, if he is guilty of the New Orleans and Memphis riots, if he is guilty of conspiring in secret conclave with those who are the leaders of the Rebellion, and who are now seeking to overthrow the Government, then is he guilty of the heinous crime of treason. If he did aid or abet the committing of any overt act such as I have spoken of, it makes no difference whether he was present or absent from the place where the overt act was committed; for in law there are no accessories, but all are principals—all *particeps criminis* are principals. In conspiracy he who procures another to commit an overt act is guilty of the fact. By the third section of the second article of the Constitution of the United States the Senate shall try the President upon a trial for impeachment, the Chief Justice presiding. Now I prefer the following charges against Andrew Johnson for his impeachment, and if the loyal members of our next Congress have the nerve, Andrew Johnson will not only be hurled from his dicta-

torial throne, but there will be enough loyal men to procure his indictment in a federal court, before a jury of his countrymen.

Is Andrew Johnson not guilty of treason, when he publicly said that he would veto all or any bills passed by Congress, whether he thought them constitutional or otherwise? Did he not say in his speech to the citizens of Cincinnati, that with an army at his back and fifty millions in the Treasury, he could make himself dictator? Andrew Johnson become dictator of this country! No! True sons of liberty in little Vermont, in casting their votes for the Union, have emphatically declared that cannot be, and the triumphant news from the loyal men of that State has flashed across the telegraphic wires to every town and hamlet throughout this broad continent and the blaze of their glorious victory, will burn, in the coming elections, still brighter and brighter throughout every state.

First. Is he not guilty of being intoxicated on the day he took the oath as Vice-President of the United States?

Second. Is he not guilty of complicity with known traitors at the South?

Third. Is he not guilty of complicity with the friends of Jefferson Davis in endeavoring to put off his trial till after the fall elections, and promising Davis' friends that after the election he should be pardoned?

Fourth. Is he not guilty of the New Orleans massacre, by giving aid and comfort to the Mayor and police of that city to break up a lawful convention of peaceable citizens, associated according to law, and for a lawful purpose?

Fifth. Is he not guilty of turning out of office loyal men and placing rebel sympathizers in office?

Sixth. Is he not guilty of publicly accusing loyal members of Congress of being traitors?

Seventh. Is he not guilty, equally, with William H. Seward, of treason, in standing by and hearing that gentleman publicly put the following question to the citizens of Indianapolis, to wit: "all who are in favor of thirteen states being in the Union, will say aye, and those in favor of thirty-six will vote in favor of that"?

Eighth. Is he not guilty of treason in giving his aid and support to the Philadelphia Wigwam Convention, which consisted

mainly of leading Southern rebel sympathizers, the express object of which convention was to drag into the Union disloyal members from the late rebel states, contrary to the terms of Congress, laid down in the proposed amendments of the Constitution?

Ninth. Is he not guilty of pardoning many leading traitors when he held the evidence sufficient to convict the same of the crime of treason?

Tenth. Is he, or is he not, guilty of breaking his oath of office, in which he swore to support and defend the Constitution and Laws of the United States?





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